Riddled with Regret

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26854417.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford, Bedelia Du Maurier
Additional Tags:	Eventual Smut, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Dark Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Dogs, First Kiss, Mind Control, Mind Manipulation, Mind Games, Supernatural Abilities, powers, Hannibal Lecter is Not a Cannibal, Serial Killer Will Graham, Jack Crawford Being Jack Crawford, Manipulation, Enemies to Friends to Lovers, Murder, Blood and Gore, Violence, Original Character(s), mlm, supernatural powers
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-06 Updated: 2020-10-22 Words: 9,846 Chapters: 6/?

Riddled with Regret

by dreamon98

Summary

Will questions his whole being when he becomes dissatisfied with his current criminal profiling in the FBI. He longs for relief and wonders whether he is cut out for the job anymore. However, he realises there is more to his abilities than just an empath disorder. AU in which Will gains the power of mind control and Hannibal helps him take out murderers. The new ability nears plenty of challenges. It complicates their relationship further and causes internal conflict. This AU works through hardship, development and accepting one's dark side.

Notes

Hiiii this is my first fic so please be nice teehee.

This is somewhat of an AU where Hannibal is not a cannibal and Will has special powers. Not set in any particular season, it's kind of a story of its own.

I'm not the best at writing, but I've spent a lot of time and effort on this. Comments and feedback would be great! Hope you enjoy :)

Chapter One - 'Expectations'

“Not fond of eye contact?”

“The eyes are all too distracting.”

Warm glow of afternoon sun gleamed through the window to the floor and bounced off of Will’s cheek. A regular Thursday afternoon.

“So, tell me, Will, have the nightmares continued since I prescribed you the Seroquel?”

“More or less,” Will stated vaguely. The nightmares sure did continue, they even got worse in Will’s opinion. More gruesome, more personal and more frequent. He did struggle to take the medication on time or he’d forget to take it altogether, but Will refused to let Dr. Lecter know that.

It was obvious that Will could barely take care of himself. His incredible over-empathising nature caused him a great deal of pain that he would just sweep under the rug and ignore. It was bad. So bad, in fact, Jack had sent him to Dr. Lecter. “I’m just worried about your wellbeing, Will,” would be Jack’s reasoning. He was a concerned supervisor and felt a deep responsibility for Will’s mental health. Hannibal Lecter was a renowned psychiatrist and one of the best in his district. With Will’s first appointment, he paid more attention to Dr. Lecter’s appearance than his therapy. Will always focused closely on the small details. And Lecter had plenty of small details. He focused on how Lecter’s hair was neatly slicked back with not one strand out of place. Or how Lecter’s suit hugged his body just right. Or how Lecter’s accent rolled off his tongue like smooth hot cocoa. Or how Lecter’s lips formed a perfect arch shape, that *almost,* seemed kissable.

He hated him for that. He hated his perfection. As much as Will found him attractive, he also found many reasons to despise him. He would try to get Will to speak, to express his feelings, which was the whole point of a psychiatrist, but Will didn’t like that at all. He didn’t like that he was here. But he supposed he had no choice. Jack would most likely fire him, if he couldn’t show he was “mentally stable enough” for the job. Although, how could anyone be “mentally stable enough” for his job? He had killers in his dreams and frequent “episodes” from all the traumatic ordeals he witnessed on the daily. His empathy would be the death of

him, if he wasn't careful. He figured going to see Dr. Lecter was his way of becoming more careful.

Dr. Lecter walked around with a sense of authority that would frighten anyone. But not Will. Will wasn't afraid of him. He challenged him. Constantly. Every session, Will resisted Hannibal's attempts at support.

"Will, you must start to allow me to help you or this journey will take an awful turn, for the both of us," Hannibal would say. And Will did not know what that meant. But it intrigued him, nonetheless. He wondered how far he could push Hannibal. And what would happen if he did push him too far.

He tested it. On this particular Thursday, Will remained rather difficult to work with.

He answered questions with his own questions, which frustrated Hannibal, as he got no clear picture of how Will was really coping.

Will had just worked on a murder-suicide case that needed to be unpacked. But Will was good at suppressing emotions and bottling up feelings. The case was horrific. It involved a husband murdering his wife and children with an axe in their small cottage home, before feeding his own skull to an electric saw. Will was able to describe it very matter-of-factly, but Hannibal always saw right through people. There was something Will saw that no one else did. That concerned Hannibal. That, although his abilities were remarkable and valued in the FBI unit, he feared it would all catch up to Will.

"I'm riddled with regrets," Will had mentioned, as he paced up and down Hannibal's office.

"How so?" Hannibal enquired, sitting in his chair, with one leg over his other knee.

"I wonder if- I wonder what life would be like, if I wasn't in the FBI or if I didn't have my *abilities* ."

“Do you regret joining the FBI?”

“Not necessarily. I fantasize.” Will stopped pacing.

“About what, Will?”

“What if my life were different?”

“How would you like your life to be?”

“How would *you* like my life to be, Dr. Lecter?”

Hannibal rose to his feet, inching closer to Will.

Will stumbled backwards, holding onto the bookcase behind him that stopped him from falling over.

Hannibal leaned in close, eyeing Will’s face up and down.

“I only want what’s best for you, Will.” He whispered.

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On his way home, Will wondered about what Dr. Lecter meant, by wanting “what’s best for *him”*. He didn’t want nor need Hannibal’s sympathy. What was best for him in Will’s mind, was nowhere near what Hannibal thought. They both had two very different and very strong opinions about Will’s mental state and what should be done with it.

Upon his arrival to his homestead out in the country, Winston was waiting for him at the door.

“Hiya, Winston,” Will chirped, giving his dog plenty of pets.

It was a chilly night, Will had to grab an extra sweater to put on. He curled up on his couch with Winston and pondered about the day he had.

Hannibal was clouding Will’s thoughts. He hadn’t had a moment of silence where his thoughts weren’t shouting *Hannibal Lecter* , over and over at him. This frustrated and confused him. He hated the man. So why did he think about him so much?

So much so, that he had accidentally sliced his hand open while peeling potatoes for dinner. It took him a moment to realise something should be done about his hand. He let the blood pour and watched it tentatively. Snapping out of his trance, he grabbed a tea towel to apply pressure to the gaping wound. Calling for Winston, Will commanded his dog to fetch the first aid kit. A cool skill he had taught him a few months ago.

Sleep unfortunately didn’t arrive that night, and it wasn’t because of nightmares. The pain from Will’s hand was becoming unbearable. He popped a couple of Panadol and a Seroquel, hoping for some relief. Checking the time, it was only 9pm. Will took a huge sigh and lay back down in bed. He thought he could at least get a couple of hours. He was so very wrong.

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“Will? I wasn’t expecting you,” Will’s eyes shot open to the sound of Hannibal’s voice. His surroundings were not of his own house, but the foyer to Hannibal’s office.

Hannibal was on his way out, when he saw helpless Will standing there, limp and eyes flickering under his eyelids, as though he was in REM sleep.

Will looked around frantically, so full of confusion he could cry. And he did, he began to sob softly. Hannibal's outstretched arm had wrapped around Will and although he fought the embrace to begin with, Will quickly sunk into it. Hannibal brought Will inside his office, slowly stroking and cradling his head to help calm him down.

"Take a seat," Hannibal reluctantly let go of Will and advised him to sit down.

Will brought his legs up onto the chair so he could hug his knees. Sweat had formed around his hairline and his lips trembled. Hannibal fetched him a glass of water and sat across from him.

"Do you recall how you got here?" Hannibal's voice sounded like static in Will's ears. He couldn't concentrate, nor focus on the question here. *How the hell did I get here?*

"It's okay you don't have to answer that," Hannibal comforted.

Thank you , Will mumbled under his breath, barely audible and took one large gulp of water, almost choking.

Hannibal had been observing Will for a good minute, he looked like a child. He did not look like the Will from their therapy sessions. But this was good. Hannibal was able to see another side to Will that he needed to see. Will's eyes were blown wide and the deep-set dark circles under his eyes, more prominent. His curls were unruly. And his t-shirt and pajama pants clung to his body with sweat. Then his eyes fell onto Will's hand. Bandaged, but blood seeping through. Hannibal cleared his throat.

"Your hand?" He pushed.

"What?" Will still dazed, he had forgotten all about his hand.

"Will, you're injured, come over," Hannibal motioned his hands to usher for Will to walk over to him.

Will got up and stumbled over, Hannibal rising from his seat to gently overturn Will's hand. He inspected it with genuine care, but Will was unphased.

"Did you bandage this yourself?" Hannibal asked, looking down on Will's face. Will stared at his own hand. Or more specifically, Hannibal's hand touching his own.

When Will didn't answer, Hannibal clicked his tongue and dropped Will's hand. He briskly walked off. For a moment, Will was abandoned. He stood there, barefoot, contemplating making a run for it. However, Hannibal returned and he was opening up a first aid kit.

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After Hannibal had applied antiseptic properly to Will's wound and re-bandaged it, he had declared that Will should stay with him tonight. Although that would perhaps be breaching the conduct of a psychiatrist and patient relationship. Where else was he to toss Will off to? He knew he couldn't leave him by himself. Not tonight, anyway. So, Hannibal ordered Will to shower and change into a pair of his pajamas. They appeared a little oversized on Will, but he was grateful nonetheless to be clean and in fresh clothes. Will could recall a fond memory of his childhood through the smell of Hannibal's house, he didn't quite remember the full extent of the memory, but it was there. The smell of freshly cut grass and lavender with vanilla extract. Will climbed into a perfect for comfort bed, while Hannibal retreated to the living room with a blanket. That's when Will had gathered that Hannibal was taking the couch, while Will was in his bed. He felt guilty for burdening Dr. Lecter like this.

Will had a fairly decent sleep, up until he jolted awake, panting and gasping for air. Another nightmare.

Will had gotten up in the middle of the night to grab a glass of water and was faced with Hannibal lurking in the darkness of the kitchen. Before he could even question it. Hannibal had lunged at him, putting him in a headlock. Will struggled and pleaded with Hannibal to be let go. But that ended quickly with Hannibal drawing a knife across his throat, carving it in one swift motion and blood spurting out.

When Will had regained composure, he looked over at the time. 12.30am. He quietly slipped out of bed and padded down the hallway to the kitchen. Flicking the lightswitch on, he jumped at the presence of Hannibal sitting in the armchair by the wood fire. His house was an open plan, where the kitchen and living room blended into one.

“Will,” Hannibal placed his book down on the coffee table.

“Thirsty,” Will choked.

He rummaged through the cupboards in an attempt to find a glass. Hannibal had gotten up from his seat and was in the kitchen, reaching over Will, to retrieve a glass from the top cupboard. Hannibal stood back and Will turned to face him.

“Thanks,” He collected the glass from Hannibal, their fingers brushing against each other slightly, but Will’s sense of this action was heightened and like it was in slow motion.

“Good night, Will,” Hannibal smirked, patting Will’s shoulder.

Will grabbed Hannibal’s forearm, tugging on it tightly. Hannibal frowned at Will’s desperation. He felt for him. Will had had a traumatic night.

And with that, they sat down together on the couch in front of the wood fire.

“What’s on your mind?”

“Too much.”

“Care to elaborate?”

“No.”

They sat in silence for a good half an hour. Will watched the flames of the fire, while Hannibal admired Will. How his skin glistened under the burning glow of the fire. His chocolate curls look like silk. They would be soft to touch, Hannibal imagined and smiled to himself.

“What?” Will muttered, as he noticed Hannibal’s stare out from the corner of his eye.

Hannibal just shook his head slowly.

“You may never understand,” Hannibal smiled. He got up and leant over Will to place a soft kiss to his forehead. “Get some rest.” And then Hannibal was disappearing down the hallway to the bathroom.

A little startled from Hannibal’s actions, Will sat for a minute before he too got up and went down the hallway. He entered Hannibal’s bedroom again and climbed back into the bed.

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When Will woke, he had completely lost sense of time and spatial awareness. Not understanding his surroundings nor the day or hour. The only sense he could recollect was the aromatic smell of bacon with eggs and spiced herbs.

He decided to venture out into the unfamiliar place and discovered Hannibal dancing around the kitchen. Already dressed in slick black pants and a white business shirt, with a white apron tied around his waist. Will stood there clueless, in Hannibal’s pajamas that swamped his body.

“Good morning, Will,” Hannibal grinned, placing two plates full of delicious food on the kitchen island bench.

Will yawned and rubbed his eyes, taking a seat on one of the stools. Hannibal poured a glass of orange juice for Will.

"How did you sleep?" Hannibal asked as he leaned over the bench, taking a bite from his plate.

"Fine," Will narrowed his eyes, also taking a bite.

It was impossible for Hannibal to not stare and watch Will enjoy his food, the food that Hannibal had made with such care for him. Will became nervous under his stare, beginning to toy with his food and keep his head low. He didn't understand what it was about Hannibal. Something felt extremely off.

***

Hannibal took Will home and insisted on walking him to his door so that he was safe. It irritated Will how nice Hannibal was towards him. He wanted to continue to hate him and keep up his stubborn demeanor. But Hannibal was making that rather difficult. He felt so strange about having stayed the night at his *psychiatrist's* place. He wanted nothing more than to keep their relationship to a bare minimum connection. It got awkward as Hannibal lingered at Will's door, before Will could decide how to depart their ways.

"You are not coming in, Dr. Lecter," Will said bluntly.

"Yes, goodbye," Hannibal sounded defeated and turned on his heels.

As Will watched Hannibal return to his car, he felt a weird taste of guilt. With a huff, Will spoke up.

"Thank you," he paused, " *Hannibal* ."

Chapter Two - 'The Chicken Dinner Killer'

Chapter Summary

> Will is good at his job. So good in fact that it consumes him. The lines between his occupation and daily life are blurred. Upon investigating a new murder case that invades his privacy, Hannibal has a proposition for Will.

Chapter Notes

> maybe ignore the weird title of this chapter hahah. but hello chapter 2! I swear it's more interesting than it sounds. anyway thank you for reading and ily lots xo stay hydrated and stay safe

Blood soaked through the wooden floors of this small apartment, with two bodies splayed out like roast chickens. Feet bound together and arms tied behind their backs. Mouths open wide, stuffed with a shredded couch cushion. Will followed Jack through the crime scene, observing all investigators gathering evidence. Jack turned to Will for confirmation. Will gave him a small nod.

“Alright, pack it up people!” Jack declared.

The crime scene cleared and Jack left Will to do his thing.

He closed his eyes gently and imagined what took place here.

The crime scene backtracked, removing all sources of the incident. Legs were untied, hands were unbound, bodies were rid of couch cushion, blood was drawn out of the floor.

It was the couple’s anniversary. They had been preparing dinner together, when I knocked down their front door. First, I grabbed the man, strangling him until his body was limp and I

dropped him to the floor. The woman's initiating screams were enough for me to grab her and strangle her too until she could not breathe anymore. Stripping them both of their clothing, I creatively bound their legs and arms at the ankles and wrists, just like how one would prepare a roast chicken. Carefully reaching down their throats to pull out what I could of any organs. I packed these into a garbage bag and smothered the floor with their blood. I pulled back the couple's mouths, unhinging their jaws to then stuff them with a couch cushion. It was like the perfect dinner they didn't get to have. This is my design.

Will hadn't noticed tears welling up, until he had opened his eyes. The gruesome details of the murder itself wasn't what made Will unsettled. It was the lack of compassion and sympathy of the murderer. No murder has that and it wasn't unusual for Will to experience selfishness. But this one removed an innocent couple from their anniversary and were mocked in the death.

"We do have a suspect, his name, Charlie Fable, 52 year old, local, no wife, no kids, and has a history of complaints from the park down the road for being 'creepy'," Jack stated once he returned to Will.

They both stared blankly at the scene.

"This man is so much more than the 'creepy' label. He has no remorse. He laughs in his victims' faces. He's dangerous," Will was concerned. He felt this man's evil way too deeply.

"Of course he's dangerous, I think anyone can tell us that," Jack brought his hand to rest on Will's shoulder, but Will shrugged it off.

"Are you doubting my abilities?"

"Never. Now, go home, Will," Jack ordered, patting Will's back.

***

As usual, Will couldn't get to sleep. He wrestled with the thoughts of the events from the day. Thinking about this twisted killer. Then thinking back to Hannibal. His mind often did that. He'd be rattled with a case and then urges to think about his psychiatrist would arise. A comfort thing perhaps? Will had to admit that Hannibal was growing on him. He found a sense of security in his presence.

As he lay down in bed, he watched Winston's chest rise and fall, while the dog peacefully slept. A sudden crash of the back door, had Winston up in a second and Will too. First, Will grabbed a hunting knife from behind his bed and commanded his dog to stay. While he carefully crept around his own house, he cursed himself for not locking the back door that night. Once he was approaching his back door, a loud shout boomed from a few metres behind him. As quick as Will turned around, was how quick he was shot in the thigh.

"Fuck!" Will collapsed, holding onto his leg.

The man who had just shot him began to advance towards him. Will wasted no time in lodging the knife through the man's stomach, grabbing his gun off him. He yelped in pain, falling to the floor. Will pointed the gun at him in pure fear, as a warning to not mess with him. It worked, as the man cowered on the floor.

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"How are you feeling?" Dr. Lecter was referring to a lot of things here.

"Could be better," Will shook his head slightly.

"And your leg?"

"Healing."

"They know who he is. He's what they call the Chicken Dinner Killer. The case that I worked on. He had come to murder me, because he was afraid of getting caught," Will chuckled at

that.

“How does that make you feel?” Dr. Lecter raised his eyebrows at Will.

“Unsafe. Or good. I mean, it did feel good to inflict pain on him as he did me,” Will smirked a little.

“If you are ever feeling unsafe, Will, you know you always have a place with me.”

“No, no,” Will said under his breath, before he clearly stated; “I don’t want to be of inconvenience to you.”

Hannibal rose from his seat, walking over to Will, who sat across from him. Once Hannibal came awfully close to Will, his crotch was practically in Will’s face. He used his pointer finger to tilt Will’s chin up to look at him. He stared right into his eyes. Will’s heart skipped a beat and he swallowed hard.

“My dear Will,” Hannibal cupped Will’s cheek, “you are no inconvenience.”

Will blinked frantically for a moment. He then rose to his feet, his face inches apart from Hannibal’s.

“Why didn’t you kill him?” Hannibal cut through the silence.

Will choked on his own saliva. “You mean-?”

“I believe if someone is of pure evil they do not deserve this life by taking others,” Hannibal cocked an eyebrow.

“So, I should have killed him, because he killed that innocent couple?”

“Yes.”

“Are you insane?!” Will threw himself into pacing the room.

This was absolutely barbaric. Will did not just witness his psychiatrist telling him to kill someone. On the other hand though, Will did think about it for a split second. The killer did intend to murder Will. Hadn’t Will stabbed him, the killer would have gotten away with another murder. Will had enough empathy to gain knowledge from murderers to use it against them. He had a gift and Hannibal needed to capture it.

“You’re very special, Will, you could be doing a lot of good,” Hannibal pursed his lips.

“By killing people?!” Will complained about how ridiculous Hannibal sounded.

“Not just *people* . *Evil* people.”

Will sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“The Chicken Dinner Killer is in jail, which to me, doesn’t seem enough. He’s still breathing,” Will clarified.

“Now, that’s the spirit,” Although Hannibal’s smile was reserved, there was warmth in his eyes.

They both smiled at each other. It was bittersweet. Had Will finally found meaning to his life? Through Hannibal? Working as an FBI profiler just didn’t satisfy Will anymore. The crimes haunted him and were taking a huge toll on his health, both physically and mentally. He was unhappy with the results of his profiling and found there to be no real justice served.

He applied too much meaning to the killers and not enough action to deal with them. Will needed more and so Hannibal would give it.

This was going to be the beginning of a very bizarre relationship and journey.

Chapter Three - 'Mission Accomplished'

Chapter Summary

Along with his empathy disorder, Will finds there is room for one more extraordinary ability to inhabit. Meanwhile, his and Hannibal's relationship takes a turn. For the better or worst, they are yet to find out.

Chapter Notes

TW for depiction of suicide

I actually really enjoy this chapter so I hope you will too. thanks again for reading x

Visiting the incarcerated wasn't something Will did often. He mostly finished the profile at the crime scene and carried on home. But in this case, something had to be done.

Will was guided through the prison with Hannibal by his side, both wearing visitor badges for the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. One of the officers was a former patient of Hannibal's and slipped him a gun upon their arrival. Just in case.

Their shoes clunked along the concrete floors and echoed through the halls. Once they reached the cell of Charlie Fable, the guards took it upon themselves to slide open the cell door. They let Will step inside, while Hannibal waited on the outside. Hannibal gave them a firm nod as they left. Will took a deep breath and wandered aimlessly around the cell, glaring at Fable who was 'pretending' to be asleep.

"So we meet again, Mr. Graham," Fable spoke with his eyes still closed.

Will was silent. Fable fluttered his eyes open, softly maneuvering his neck around to face Will. He sat up in his bed, cross-legged. Will never broke eye contact, trying to remain controlled. Hannibal had his back to the cell, ensuring not to disturb the exchange and keeping a lookout.

“You have no right to address me,” Will said bitterly.

“Well, let’s get on with it, why are you here? Or more importantly, why am *I* here?” Fable sneered, taking a step towards Will. However, Will drew out the gun, pointing it directly at Fable. Fable took back his step and threw his arms up in the air.

“Hey, now, hey, we aren’t going to do this,” Fable trembled.

For a killer, he certainly was a pussy, Will thought to himself.

“Oh, *we’re* not doing anything, but *you* will be,” Will still clutched the gun tight.

Hannibal was in his own little world outside the cell, nothing phasing him, as he had his back turned on the situation.

“You’re going to take this gun, open up your mouth, point the gun inside, and pull the trigger,” Will broke it down slowly for Fable.

Fable chuckled loudly. But when Will’s face did not change from his hard stare, Fable fell silent.

“Wait, you’re serious?” Fable quivered.

Will inched closer to Fable, lowering the gun. He outstretched his hand with the gun. Fable followed suit hesitantly and took hold of the weapon. Will didn’t quite let go, until he felt it in him to trust Fable. This was a risky exercise. Charlie Fable had tried to kill him and very well could again. But Will’s abilities said otherwise. He may have had strong empathy, but he also had control over people. It was something new that Will had discovered about himself. He had the power of persuasion and mind control. And this was the ultimate test. He had only briefly talked about it with Hannibal, however Hannibal believed him and had faith in him. If this was to work, Will would be more powerful than anyone could imagine.

He dropped his hand and allowed Charlie Fable to inspect the gun.

“Goodbye, Charlie,” Will backed away cautiously, as Charlie raised the gun to his mouth.

Will exited the cell, Hannibal turning around to follow Will on his journey out of the facility. He had confidence in his step.

“Give it 10 seconds,” Will said to Hannibal as they strutted the halls of BSHCI.

“10, 9, 8, 7-” Hannibal counted down quietly. “6, 5, 4-”

“3, 2, 1-” Will finished. And as if right on cue, a loud gunshot rang through the building. Mission accomplished.

***

Jack had Will at the FBI unit, discussing the suicide of the Chicken Dinner Killer.

“He shot himself through the mouth. How he had a gun, we don’t know,” Jack explained to Will.

“He must have exchanged with a guard somehow,” Will answered.

“You’re the expert,” Jack agreed.

While Jack sat at his desk, Will leaned against the edge of it. They had been profiling Charlie Fable’s death together on another Thursday afternoon before Will’s appointment with Dr.

Lecter.

“I must get going,” Will stated.

“Ah yes, how is everything with Dr. Lecter? Is he helping?” Jack asked.

Will thought for a moment. As much as he didn’t want to admit it, Hannibal had helped Will immensely with discovering who he was and that there was more to his abilities than just the empath disorder. A supernatural ability as such. He smiled at that thought. Finally happy with his direction and with Hannibal.

“Good, and he is helping me, thank you.”

Once Will arrived at Hannibal’s office, he took a seat in the foyer. He was especially fidgety today and struggling to sit still. The new skill had given him a huge boost of endorphins and he was over-excitable. This was good for him. He found so much pleasure in knowing that scum like Charlie Fable was rid of this earth. And there were no consequences for him, as he believed he was doing the right thing. Then Hannibal’s office door creaked open.

“Will, come in,” He greeted.

Will bounced his leg frantically, as he sat across from Hannibal.

“Can you believe that it worked?” Will bubbled up with joy.

“You can mind control,” Hannibal affirmed.

“I can do a lot of things.”

“How do you feel?”

“Like God, but even greater,” Will got up from his seat and began circling the room, while Hannibal fetched them both a tumbler of whisky.

Hannibal outstretched his arm with the glass for Will. Will grabbed both his glass and Hannibal’s glass from him and sat them down on the coffee table. Hannibal cocked his head to the side, unsure what Will was doing, taking both glasses.

Will eyed Hannibal for a minute with a sheepish grin. He took a step closer and held onto Hannibal’s forearm. In an instant, Will placed both hands on either side of Hannibal’s face and reached to close the gap between them. His lips brushed Hannibal’s briefly, before he planted them on his. Hannibal was surprised for a second but soon melted into the kiss. They bumped noses and clinked teeth, until they both found a perfect rhythm and their lips molded together sweetly. It was slow and full of innocence, before it became more heated. Will pushed forward and Hannibal clung onto Will’s waist. Will had removed his hands from Hannibal’s face to place them on his shoulders. It was Hannibal that licked Will’s bottom lip, ripping a pathetic sigh from him. Will allowed Hannibal to slip his tongue inside to explore his mouth. They desperately held onto each other like their lives depended on this moment. Will pulled away to gasp for air and rested his forehead on Hannibal’s. Although Will had his new supernatural power of mind control, this exchange was completely consensual and perhaps even more enjoyable for Hannibal.

“Well-” Hannibal began but was cut off by Will silencing him with another kiss. This one was soft.

***

Will strolled around the woods of his backyard, searching for purpose. He heard a creak in the trees, some distance away. He had no fear. No emotion. No intention to run. The buzzing in his ears became louder and louder. Until there was nothing. A dead silence. And a tall figure approaching him, armed. In the clearing, the person became visible. It was Hannibal. He shot at him and the bullet went right through his skull. Explosion of blood and the crackling sound of the gunshot.

Will was startled awake. He had ringing in his ears from the shooting in his nightmare. He was soaked in sweat and had to peel off his t-shirt. Looking at the time, it was 5am. Winston was scratching at the back door to be let out. Will got up and took his dog outside to the toilet. He stood on his decking, waiting for Winston to return from doing his business. The cold breeze felt refreshing on his bare skin.

Once back inside, Will grabbed a clean t-shirt to put back on. Winston curled up in his bed and drifted to sleep. If only Will could sleep that well.

Chapter Four - 'Bliss'

Chapter Summary

A new killer emerges that rattles Will's brain. While tension rises between Hannibal and Will, it causes a sexual fantasy to become reality. The nightmares are persistent, but Hannibal is more so.

Chapter Notes

TW for depiction of hanging

hiya I'm nervous about sharing this chapter as it gets a little saucy and I'm not the best at writing smut hahah. I've indicated with a warning when the smut starts and ends, in case you didn't want to read sexual stuff. It's nothing too explicit, yet ;) also some cute fluffy stuff at the end cause Hannibal is a sucker for comforting Will in any time of need. anywaysss I hope you enjoy and feel free to leave comments and kudos, it'd be very much appreciated.

I tied a garbage bag over the head of the unconscious, securing their legs and arms together with rope. I crafted a noose to suspend the body from a tree. I filmed the torture. Recording how I lifted the branch of the tree from its anchor, higher and higher, until the body was floating and struggling. This. Is my design.

"We have a clip of the murder itself, a livestream was posted to this account," Jack leaned over Will's shoulder, displaying his mobile phone in front of him.

It was a Facebook account by the name of "Marcus Young". A blank avatar and no personal information. Bold of the killer to share a livestream with the world.

"It's as though they want to be caught," Jack mentioned.

"No," Will began, "they want to be chased."

Jack pulled away and locked his phone. He walked around the examination table that displayed the deceased. Will had been staring blankly at the body, appalled by the killer's mockery of filming this person's last breath.

"May I see the clip?" Will asked.

"Are you strong enough?" Jack replied, concerned that it wouldn't do Will any good.

"You're going to show me the clip, Jack," Will ordered, using his mind control powers to persuade Jack.

Jack reached for his phone again and handed it to Will, open on the film of the murder. Will watched intently. It was hard to stomach. Nothing pleasant, of course. Will saw a lot through his empathy, but seeing the live activity right in front of him, with no possibility of being wrong, was terrifying.

***

Returning to Dr. Lecter's office was now a mixture of odd emotions. Will hadn't seen or heard from Hannibal since their kiss. He wondered how he'd confront Hannibal and he wasn't sure if he was ready to face the conversation they would have. But as he waited in Dr. Lecter's foyer, he was trying to build up the courage and think of possible scenarios.

"Will, come in," Hannibal announced, with a soft smile.

When the door closed, Will opened his mouth to say something, but was refrained from doing so, because Hannibal had slammed him against the door. Will was taken aback and struggled to move as his hands were pinned above his head. Hannibal finally made eye contact with Will and there was significant hunger in his stare. Will's eyes flickered between Hannibal's and then to his lips, wanting nothing more than to completely attack them, but he didn't. Starting from Will's ear, Hannibal began to kiss along his jaw. Sweet and tender kisses. He shifted to his neck, kissing his adam's apple that bobbed, as he gulped. Will sighed, wriggling

his body forward, but Hannibal pushed him back against the door. That made him whine. Hannibal stopped for a moment, looking up at Will who had his eyes fluttered shut.

“Look at me,” Hannibal commanded.

Poorly, Will opened one eye, with a quirky smile. Hannibal had a devilish gaze on Will.

Hannibal allowed Will to move from his restraint, then Will lowered down to be on his knees. He peeked up at Hannibal with those puppy-like eyes. Hannibal gave a half-smile. He was completely in awe of the one before him. Will fascinated him. He needed to immerse himself within Will’s whole being. The connection they had was unlike anything.

Smut Warning

Will reached to unbuckle Hannibal’s belt. Hannibal stopped him and did it himself, rolling his pants down to pool around his ankles. Will indicated on the waistband of Hannibal’s luxurious boxers with a single finger.

“Go ahead, my dear,” Hannibal gave a breathy moan as Will peeled back his underwear.

When Hannibal was free of his briefs, his cock was on display, already half-hard. Will grasped the base, gently. He slowly squeezed and moved his hand in an up and down motion. Hannibal subconsciously laced his fingers through Will’s hair and tugged lightly. Just as Hannibal’s dick became completely hard from all Will’s hand movements, without warning, Will took the head into his mouth. He swirled his tongue around the tip, kitten-licking the pre-cum and moving to lick a stripe up the underside. Hollowing his cheeks, Will began moving his mouth up and down Hannibal’s shaft. Hannibal grabbed Will’s hair tighter and squeezed his eyes shut, moaning obscenely. Will smiled around his dick as best he could and continued, licking and slurping up his cock.

“Yes, Will, so good,” Hannibal was panting.

Hannibal was like putty in Will's hands, or mouth.

It wasn't much longer until something stirred in Hannibal's lower abdomen.

"Wi- Will," He barely got out.

Will sucked one final time, and Hannibal was cumming all over Will's face.

They both took a bit to come down from their high. Sitting back in the chairs across from each other. Hannibal had brought Will a washcloth to clean up his face, apologising for the mess in the process. Will wasn't fussed. He honestly found it kind of hot. And that made him tingley. He now had his own problem to deal with, but couldn't. It made him squirm and he wanted to scream. Hannibal noticed this and cackled lightly.

"My dear, Will, here," He conducted Will to get up from his seat.

When Will reached Hannibal, he slipped his knee between Will's thighs. The sensation of Hannibal's leg against his groin made Will moan painfully. He began bouncing against Hannibal.

However, his mind wandered. Moving over to the thought of his mind control ability and what he could do with it. So many gruesome scenarios came to him of how he could take out the livestream killer. It honestly aroused him further. He wouldn't have to do much persuasion to make the killer surrender to him and be able to shoot him in cold blood. Images of his head exploding flashed before Will's eyes. He almost got lost in his thoughts, before Hannibal replaced his knee with his hand, palming Will through his pants. And then he was cumming in his boxers.

End of Smut

***

"You will get down on your knees, hands behind your back and you will not move," Will's voice rumbled as he held his victim at gunpoint.

The young man did as ordered, his mind completely under Will's control. As soon as he turned to face Will, on his knees and hands behind his back, Will fired. The bullet blowing right through the man's brain. Eruption of blood splattering the walls. Satisfied, Will smirked. That smile quickly turned to a frown though when the Wendigo figure appeared, looming over the body of the man Will just killed. That figure flickered back and forth between Hannibal and the Wendigo. Suddenly, Hannibal drew his own gun and shot at Will's chest.

Will frantically gasped for air as he was violently awakened by the nightmare. He looked over at the time, it was 2.30am. He thought about contacting Hannibal, but *for god's sake, Will, it's 2.30 in the morning.* Next thing he knew, he was dialing for Hannibal.

"Hello?" a voice croaked on the other end of the line.

"Hi," Will could have almost cried at the sound of Hannibal's voice.

"Will? What time is it?"

"Not the best time, I know."

"What's happening? Are you alright?"

"I don't know and no, I'm not."

"Hold tight."

Then the phone call ended. Will wiped off the tiny amount of tears that began to well up in his eyes.

It's not long until Hannibal walks through Will's door, embracing him in a much needed hug. Will sobs quietly on Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal pulls back and cups Will's face in his hands. He looks at him longingly, wondering what was troubling the other man so much.

"Is it the nightmares?" Hannibal sympathised.

"Nightmares," Will nodded.

Chapter Five - 'Midnight Hunting'

Chapter Summary

A killer is caught and it's most certainly not their lucky day, facing the wrath of Will and Hannibal. Will puts his mind control to the real test and acquires knowledge about the rules and logistics of it.

Chapter Notes

murder husbands working together are always so sweet <3 hope you enjoy this one. feel free to leave comments

Will could get or do whatever he wished with mind control, however, he was wise about it. He realised so quickly that he'd never have to "control" Hannibal, for Hannibal was already weak for him. He used the domination for the better, doing God's work of ridding the world of terrible people. But had he become a terrible person, because of this? It kept him up at night and tormented his dreams. Will had regretted calling Hannibal that night. Hannibal was on his back ever since. "Are you well enough, Will?" he'd say, concerned. And that was what also made Will feel guilty. Hannibal was only concerned for him, but Will wished he wasn't.

"I regret not killing Fable myself," Will was seated once again in Hannibal's office, contemplating his choices in life.

"Why do you say that?" Hannibal questioned, pouring both of them a glass of whiskey.

"Because I should've gained the satisfaction from using my own hands," Will huffed.

"Why not the livestream killer?" Hannibal proposed the idea, passing Will his glass.

"You mean, I can kill them myself?" Will clutched the glass and snorted.

“I will help, of course,” Hannibal smiled.

Will rolled his eyes and they clinked glasses.

***

Will had been researching for days on end, noting down clues on the livestream killer’s whereabouts. He had so far discovered that this killer was young, maybe early 20s, local male and living in an apartment block. Then there was a milestone when Will had uncovered an address.

Astounded, Will made his way to Hannibal immediately, disregarding the fact that it was midnight. He burst through Hannibal’s door and eventually found Hannibal sat in his living room, nose in a book. Will was so enthused, he was panting frantically.

“Will?” Hannibal set his book down and got up, walking over to Will. He steadied him so he wouldn’t pass out.

“I’ve found him. We must go kill him,” Will gasped in between words.

“Who, Will?” Hannibal tried searching in Will’s eyes.

“The livestream killer.”

Without any hesitation, they were both on their way to said location that Will had found. They pulled up to the street outside the apartment block and Hannibal killed the ignition, turning his body towards Will. They both sat in silence for a second. Then Will surged forward towards Hannibal and pecked him on the lips. Surprised by the soft domestic gesture, Hannibal placed his hand on the nape of Will’s neck and stopped Will from pulling away. He connected their lips once again, passionate and deep this time.

“We have a job to do, Hannibal,” Will mumbled against Hannibal’s lips.

Hannibal stopped and pulled away, straightening his shirt.

“Proceed,” He signaled his hand for Will to exit the car.

When they stepped out of the car the air was crisp and chilly. Will walked ahead of Hannibal and Hannibal followed closely behind. They made their way up the flight of stairs and reached the apartment that Marcus Young supposedly resided in. Will knelt to the ground in front of the door and pulled a pin to pick the lock. Hannibal watching intently, fascinated by the skill. He had successfully gained entry and slowly crept inside. Hannibal followed Will’s lead, as Will drew out his gun, so did he, preparing for anything.

“Well, well, well,” a voice sounded from the shadows.

Will swung around and tightened his grip on his gun.

The voice indeed belonged to Marcus Young, as he flipped the lightswitch and he stepped into the ambience. No sign of him being armed, which astounded Will. *This motherfucker must be brave.* Will thought.

While Will confronted Young, Hannibal was lurking around the apartment silently.

“Listen to me,” Will began, “You are going to select a knife from the kitchen, okay?”

Young stood up straight, eyes rolling into the back of his head and he made his way to the kitchen. Somewhat possessed, he collected the sharpest knife he owned and returned to Will. Will had lowered his gun, feeling confident his power was working. Meanwhile Hannibal was searching the bedroom, quickly reacting to the sound of someone rushing towards him. He fired his gun, shooting the person in the foot. They were very animated with their limping and flailing around that they lost the ability to fight back.

“Argh!” The person shouted, falling to the ground. Hannibal lifted them by the collar, dragging them to Will.

While Will was distracted by the gunshot, Young had been released from his trance. Young scrapped Will’s arm, as he had attempted to stab him, but Will dodged him by jumping off to the side. The cut was a mere cat scratch and showed how pathetic Young was in this particular situation.

Hannibal threw the person he found to the floor, in front of Will. Young was once again surrendered to Will’s control, when Will had regained focus.

“Who the hell is this?” Will raised his eyebrows at Hannibal.

“I regret to inform you that I do not know,” Hannibal shook his head slowly.

Will turned to Young. He was still clutching the knife, but frozen in his place. Will paced around Young, admiring the fact that he was completely powerless. As Will had mentioned to Hannibal before, he did indeed feel higher than God.

“You’re going to tell me who this is,” Will demanded.

“My roommate,” Young had a mundane tone.

“You’re going to slit their throat.”

This person would most likely be innocent and Will contemplated that for a brief second. Did he really want to kill an innocent being? Although, he wasn’t exactly killing them himself. He needed to rid all witnesses and evidence from the scene. So, he couldn’t care less.

“No! No please!” The roommate whimpered, as they were pinned down by Hannibal. Thrashing and kicking around like a child having a tantrum, Hannibal struggled to keep them down. They had gotten an arm free, grabbing Hannibal’s neck and slowly closing off his air supply.

Young walked over to his roommate, kneeling behind them, grabbing their hair to jerk their head upwards. They released their grip on Hannibal and Hannibal gagged and choked, trying to gain oxygen again.

“Marcus, Marcus, please, you don’t know what you’re doing, you can’t do this,” The roommate pleaded, trying to force his head out of Young’s grip.

Young held on tightly and he slashed the young person’s throat in a dramatic manner, without a word. Blood leaking and spurting out profusely. Hannibal let go of them and let them fall back on the floor. Young dropped the knife and stood up.

“Now, I am going to shoot you,” Will didn’t hesitate and blasted his weapon, striking the man in the head.

Blood splattered over Hannibal and Will and covered the walls. Young hit the ground with a loud thud. An extensive hole in the Young’s head, leaked of blood and pus. Surprisingly, but just as Will suspected, he felt exceptionally dominating. In Will’s mind, Fable had *killed himself*. But right here and right now, Will had *killed a man.* That in itself exhilarated him.

Both Hannibal and Will looked up at each other at the same time, catching a glance at each other’s euphoric look on their faces. Hannibal felt rather turned on by Will’s authoritative manner. He could've scooped Will up right then, thrown him against the wall and fucked him until he couldn’t see straight. But he refrained from doing so. Instead, they both fucked each other with their eyes. Feeling accomplished and extraordinary, they stared at one another for a minute. Hannibal broke the contact first, as he couldn’t handle not having Will inside him at that very moment.

Chapter Six - 'Control'

Chapter Summary

> Will's mind control gets out of hand, as he claims to be managing this new power well. He hopes Hannibal can forgive him and of course Hannibal does. He shows that in a way Will only dreamed of.

Chapter Notes

> sorry this took a while to upload, life has been hectic. but alas, I hope you enjoy this chapter xo
> as usual I've left a smut warning

"I feel- I feel like I'm unstoppable," Will sat back in Hannibal's office. He did wonder why they continued his therapy when their relationship was very different from a normal psychiatrist and patient relationship. But alas it helped for him to express his feelings to someone and he wouldn't trade anyone for Hannibal.

"I would be careful with what you claim, Will," Hannibal tapped his bottom lip with his pointer finger.

Will furrowed his brows. What was there to be careful about? He had control, more than enough control. And it was extraordinary. He felt like he could never be challenged again, because he had something that no one else did. His life had gained so many new possibilities. Not even Hannibal could stand in his way. With this, there also came new angst and irritability. Will couldn't stand anyone begging to differ with his abilities.

"I can claim whatever I wish, *Hannibal* ," Will stood up, about to leave the office.

"Will, Will!" Hannibal called out.

“No!” Will began to lose his temper.

Hannibal was taken aback by Will’s sudden rise in volume and change of tone.

Will picked up a glass from the coffee table, letting slip his grip on purpose. It fell to the floor, shattering into several pieces. Hannibal’s eyes widened. He walked over to Will, placing a hand on his shoulder.

“Will,” he spoke softly.

“You’re going to pick up a piece of glass,” Will began, eyes glaring right through Hannibal.

Hannibal did as instructed, picking up a large shard of glass.

“Now you’ll drive it through your own hand,” Will eyed Hannibal, his stare lingering.

Within seconds, Hannibal began to pierce the skin of his hand, the further he pushed, the louder his shouts of pain. Blood trickled onto the floor. Will watched in horror. His own power was getting the better of him. Hannibal had almost drawn the glass right through his hand before Will yelled in fear.

“Enough! Enough!” Will panicked.

Hannibal let go of the piece of glass, his hand trembling. Then he yanked it out of his hand. His eyes flickered up to Will’s. The look they gave each other was of deep pain. Will couldn’t believe this. Had he really just abused his power to hurt the one person who gave him freedom. He wanted to scream so badly. He was hallucinating bugs crawling under his skin, they were nibbling on his veins and seeping into his bloodstream. Will wanted to rip his skin off, release himself of his human suit to reveal the true monster underneath. Hannibal was breathing heavily, feeling light-headed from staring at the blood pouring from his hand for too long. Will didn’t know what to do. He was basically in freeze mode. Not being able to move or do or say anything. *Do something, Will, for God’s sake.*

“You’ll probably need stitches...” Will trailed off.

Hannibal glared at Will like he was stupid. He was stating the obvious at this point.

“I’m taking you to the ER,” Will blinked a couple of times and wiped his eyes of the one tear that had surfaced.

***

Will hadn’t slept for 3 days straight. He feared he’d dream of murdering Hannibal again. That was a norm now. Each nightmare consisted of a different way to kill Hannibal. He felt incredibly guilty for how he treated Hannibal. He had taken advantage of his own gift and used it for convenience to him. Hurting Hannibal was not in his agenda.

Returning to Hannibal’s office was nerve-wracking and not something Will had been looking forward to. He sat in the foyer with his leg anxiously bouncing.

The door to Hannibal’s office clicked open. “Will,” Hannibal remained collected.

Will set foot into the office. He looked around undirected, as Hannibal took a seat at his desk.

Noticing the bandage around Hannibal’s hand, Will spoke. “I don’t expect forgiveness, however, I want to apologise.”

“You don’t yet understand that you’re special, Will,” The corners of Hannibal’s lips pulled upwards slightly.

“Do- Do you think I’m a bad- person?” Will struggled to ask, fearing the answer.

Hannibal leaned forward, propping his elbows on his desk, he was intrigued by Will's question.

"No," He shook his head with a soft chuckle.

"I feel like I'm destined to be. Every time I try to do good, I end up hurting somebody, in one way or another," Will adjusted his glasses.

"As soon as we start saying, *'I feel like'* , the statements following aren't always true. You may *'feel'* like you are, but that could be very far from the facts of the situation. No matter what we do in our existence, there will always be someone unhappy with your decisions, but that doesn't make you a terrible person. People can't always be pleased. It's the reality that you are trying that matters," Hannibal laid back in his chair, arms outstretched behind his head.

"I didn't ask to be lectured," Will rolled his eyes.

Hannibal always had a way with words. He was so articulate that it bothered Will. Although, it also turned him on. Hearing Hannibal speak like the smart sexy Psychiatrist he was, made Will feel things.

This had Will shrugging off his jacket, as his body temperature suddenly spiked. Hannibal got up from his desk to collect Will's jacket and hang it up by the door. When Hannibal turned back around to face Will, he was met with Will inches away from him, snaking his hands up Hannibal's chest to rest lazily behind his neck. Hannibal smirked at Will's sudden gesture and placed his hands loosely on Will's hips.

Will leaned forward as though he was going in for a kiss, but dodged Hannibal trying to catch his lips and instead whispered in his ear. "Want you."

Hannibal almost choked on air. Those two words ignited hunger within him. His pupils dilated and when Will pulled away to look at his face again, Hannibal caught him in a

passionate kiss. They kissed sloppily for a few minutes, then Will started kissing along Hannibal's jaw and eventually attaching his lips to Hannibal's neck. Hannibal breathed heavily while Will gradually moved down his neck, reaching to unbutton his shirt. Hannibal helped Will also get his shirt off. Will was on his way to being on his knees, however Hannibal pulled him back up.

"I have a greater idea," Hannibal licked his bottom lip subconsciously. "These have to come off," He grabbed the waistband of Will's navy slacks.

** Smut Warning **

Will shimmied out of his pants as quickly as could, stood there awkwardly in just his boxers. He felt exposed, considering Hannibal still had more clothes on than him. Hannibal noticed his uncomfortable vibe and stepped forward to press a firm kiss to his forehead. He looked down at Will and also stepped out of his suit pants.

"What's your idea?" Will queried. However Hannibal shushed him and pulled him harshly towards his desk.

Hannibal had Will bent over his desk and rid him off his boxers, as well as removing his own silk ones. He reached into the drawer of his desk to grab a bottle of lube and a condom. He uncapped the lube and smothered his fingers. He pinned Will to the desk, his face pressing against the table top.

"This is my idea," Hannibal's voice was low and raspy.

He placed one hand on Will's ass while the other lingered around his entrance. He gave Will a warning, before he worked one finger inside him. Letting him adjust and relax, Will commanded for another. Hannibal obeyed and pushed in a second finger. He scissored and stretched Will out. Will was giving out small breathy moans.

"You're ready," Once Hannibal was satisfied with his preparation, he placed on the condom and lubed up his half-hard member, pumping it a couple of times.

He steadily pushed in the tip, Will moaning beneath him. He pushed in further and further. Will bit down hard on his bottom lip when Hannibal had brushed against his prostate. With Will giving a low grunt, he knew he had hit the spot. That had him pulling out and pausing for a moment. This was teasing Will, and Will involuntarily pushed backwards, in search of contact with Hannibal, but Hannibal resisted, knocking him back onto the desk. The roughness had Will whimpering out in pleasure. Then Hannibal slammed back into Will with a loud moan. He gained a rhythm, thrusting perfectly into Will each time.

Will's vision blurred and he was in such a elated state that his mind was wandering. He thought back to the night that he killed the livestream killer. The pure admiration he had for Hannibal as they worked together to kill the bastard. Hannibal had enabled his nature and brought out the best (or worst) of him. Will imagined them both covered in blood that wasn't of their own. Embracing each other and as they were currently, fucking each other into oblivion.

"Hannibal," Will moaned out.

"Will," Hannibal breathed.

"I'm close."

Hannibal quickened his pace, brutally shoving Will against the desk with each thrust. He clung onto Will's soft curls and tugged harshly. Will's eyes rolled into the back of his head. Cumming simultaneously with Hannibal. He pulled out of Will slowly, peeling off the condom and throwing it in the bin under his desk. Will collapsed on top of the desk, breathing heavily. Hannibal put his underwear back on and rubbed Will's back. He stood up and put his boxers on while shaking. Then he leant on Hannibal's chest as Hannibal held him gently.

** End of Smut **

"Stay with me tonight," Hannibal whispered.

Will looked up at Hannibal, eyes glistening.

“Winston,” Will remembered that his dog needed looking after.

Hannibal smiled for a brief moment and placed his hand softly on Will’s cheek. Will nuzzled into the touch.

“Stay with me instead,” Will suggested.

Hannibal nodded.

***

Will strolled through the woods of his backyard. The grass dampened his bare feet. Hannibal appeared with a glass of red wine. Startled by the sudden surfacing, Will drew his gun and fired. The bullet struck the glass of wine. The glass exploded along with the wine, showering over Hannibal. The crimson wine resembling blood in the moonlight. Glistening across Hannibal’s face. Will moved closer to Hannibal, outstretching his hand to reach Hannibal’s bottom lip. He dragged his finger across his lip lapping up the bit of wine. He brought that finger to his own lip, tasting it. Will picked up a shard of glass, bringing it to his mouth, sucking on it. The glass pierced his lips, blood leaking out. He spat out the glass, as well as a large amount of blood. Hannibal connected their lips. Will winced in pain, but quickly melted into the kiss. Blood smearing across both their mouths.

Waking up in a sweat, Will remembered Hannibal had stayed with him last night. However, where was Hannibal? Perhaps they didn't sleep in the same bed, although Will wouldn’t have had anywhere else for him to sleep. Will got up and ventured into the kitchen. The aroma of sweet maple syrup and strawberries, wafting through the house. He found Hannibal, yet again, preparing them breakfast. His attire consisted of his plaid pajama pants, low on his hips, no shirt and a crisp white apron. Will stood there in his plain boxers and white t-shirt, soaked through with sweat. He cleared his throat and Hannibal turned around.

“Will,” Hannibal smiled, “Good morning.”

“Morning,” Will mumbled back.

Before he could take a seat at the table, Hannibal rushed to stop him. He curled his fingers under the hem of Will’s shirt and stripped it off for him.

“I shall fetch you a clean one,” Hannibal patted Will’s shoulder.

Will was handed a fresh shirt.

“Thanks,” His voice was monotone and flat.

“Get up on the wrong side of the bed this morning, Dear?” Hannibal questioned as he set down their plates on the table.

“Just a weird dream,” Will was exhausted and flopped into his seat.

“Do share?” Hannibal raised an eyebrow, intrigued by what Will could have dreamt about.

“It was nothing interesting,” Will smiled, shaking his head.

“Not another nightmare was it?”

“No.”

Will looked down at his plate. There was a perfect little stack of fluffy pikelets served with maple syrup and strawberries on the side. Hannibal communicated best through his food. He

was a man of many words, but his actions were full of feelings. This morning he conveyed “I forgive you, Will.”

They both began to eat in silence, giving each other a quick glance every now and then. When they finished, Hannibal cleaned up, while Will fed Winston. It was an odd feeling, being in Hannibal’s presence, like *this.* So calm in a home setting. Almost as if they were a couple. That thought sparked Will’s attention. He had no idea what he and Hannibal were. He was too afraid to ask, as that would pose a risk to losing what they did have. Will was astounded at the fact he feared losing Hannibal. Not long ago, he wouldn’t have cared. But Hannibal had situated himself somewhere inside Will’s heart. Hannibal on the other hand, had ached for Will since the day they met. He needed Will and if it were up to Hannibal, Will needed him.

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